

That era passed; the busy hand of art,  
Has brushed the sylvan features from the scene;  
Most mortals now, who then sustained a part  
In life's strange drama, lie below the green.

And thus, to nearly all things sublunary,  
Some culmination better form induces;  
Oft such inductions are resisted, very;  
As often, such resistance has its uses.

Thus, eighty years have placed the Forest City,  
Where pine-woods muffed the Indian's stinging yell;  
Which nature's devotees pronounce a pity;  
And rashly wish they might revoke the spell.

### **Ruminations on Eschatology**

Revolving Time, his cyclometric thrust,  
Stays not for sage's sigh, nor poet's lay;  
One saddened week, consigned them both to dust;  
Where all must mingle with a kindred clay.

"In shure and certain hope," the pastor said,  
A dark assemblage placed them in the tomb;  
Green be the sward upon their lowly bed,  
'Till the last trump proclaims the dawn of doom.

Their canopy, the foliage of an oak;  
A mute Thames-seeking rill meanders by;  
Long have they slumbered in this quiet nook;  
Still long here unmolested, may they lie.